AT EASTER TIME.

fields, bare trees, sere weeds at

Brown fields, bare trees, sere weeds and grass.
Chill winds and lowering skies;
But o'er the hills of purple gray.
Neath forest boughs in moss-lined way,
A gentler presence seems to stray,
And straying, wistful, sights;
O sad earth, wake, your sleep is long,
We weary for the wild bird's song
And summer's wealth of bloom.
With cold hands laid on pulseless breasts
And lips whose calamess chills,
We hide our loved ones from our sight
And mourn our noonday turged to night;
They beedless lie nor know the blight
Tant all our gladness kills.
Valu on the damp cold earth to fall,
No echo of our anguish call
Disturbs their marble sleep.
Yet grasses spring 'neath April's feet
And sweet, pale flowers will bloom;
To maked branches of the trees
Soft touches of the sun-kissed breeze
Will bring new life, till even these,
Dropping their purple gloom,
Shall don the gold-green robes of spring
And all the free, glad air will ring
With rhythmic song of birds.
Each year from off her wondrous brook,
Nature throws back the clasp;
Yet tear-dimmed eyes are slow to read,
The lesson she would have us heed,
Of life in bud and blossom freed
From winter's chilling grass,
Why doubt the resurrection power
When life is springing every bour
From out the arms of death?
No aton dropped from out her hands,
By wild winds heedless blown,
But sought anew, snew will live,
Is God less careful to revive
The life that we from him receive?
Will He not find His own?
Love waketh up and down the earth
Divine, immortal in her birth,
Surviving human death.
—Anna E. Culver.

EASTER AT GUG-GINS' CAMP.



ROM Fort X to Wil low Creek was fif-teen miles; so said the map at the adju-tant's. From Wil-low Creek to Guggins' Camp was twenty miles, as the crow flies. At one end of the line were

gay women and gallant men, soft speech and gentle courtesies of well-bred people. Brightness and beauty moved to the strains of military music and the jingle of accounterments. Easter was near at hand and great preparations were being made for the post-Lenten hop. At the other end of the trail, the further

end, up in the mountains, an outcast was dying. Alone? She might better have been, her sister at the fort would have said. She was simply Meg. Poor Meg turned her face to the wall and wept in secret, remembering that Easter was at

The cabin at Guggins' had two roc There was the common quarters of the men and near at hand a poor makeshift of a chamber for the sick girl. Though the boys worked hard all day at the claim. Mike found a chance to run over now and then just to see that Meg was all right. Dummy Mike idolized Meg. To make it more cheerful and homelike,

when evening came the boys gathered in



"I GUESS I'M JEST A POOL," SHE SAID.

the "boodere," as Diggs called her room. They dried their wet boots at her fire and filled the air with unutterable fumes of tobacco and told her every night, with cheerful mendacity, that she was "pick-in up." Dummy could not pay her compliments, as his companions did, to keep her spirits up, but he shifted her pillows when she was feverish and saved the choicest of their coarse fare as tidbits for her and remembered little things that the others forgot-things that a woman recol

"Easter will be here in two days, boys."
The "boys" turned around in amount The "boys" turned around in amaze-ment. Was Meg's mind wandering? Haster. Why, they hardly knew when Bunday came and never observed it, except, perhaps, by lying abed a little longer in the morning and giving the frying pan an extra load of responsibility.
"I wish I could hear some music just

Very common clay was Meg; yet she loved music, loved flowers, and pined for them in that rude camp.

"What's up, Meg?" asked Jimmy. "What put Easter into your head?"

She held up an almanac, sole literary treasure of the cabin. It had been packed over with supplies from the station.

"I see it's the day after to-morrow, and I thought—I thought I'd like to hear some music and see some flowers once more be-

I thought—I thought I'd like to hear some music and see some flowers once more before—" Bhe turned her face to the wall and the "boys" pulled viciously at their pipes. Jimmy presently got up, not looking at the others nor at Meg, who was shaking a little under the old blue blanket that covered her, said "O, d—nft!" and stumped out of the room, with his face twitching. Mike crossed over and sat down on the edge of the bunk, smoothing the girl's hair and not saying a word. After a little while she controlled herself and made a pitiful attempt to smile. "I guess I'm jest a fool," she said. "I then dreaming about them lilles. You wouldn't believe it, Mike, but I used to



INQUINING FOR EASTER LILIES.

help fix 'em in the church when I was a kid." Then after a moment she added, "I don't suppose I will ever see one again. That's what kinder broke me up."

When the boys turned in Mike made Meg comfortable for the night, but in the morning it was Diggs who built the fire and brought her breakfast. He explained that Dummy had gone down the guich prospecting for bear.

rospecting for bear.

The bears were safe enough, however, from the "silent partner," for when morning dawned he had reached Willow Creek, where he exchanged his wornout burro for a claybank horse of Roylston's and pushed on, after a snatch of breakfast, for the fort.

Roylston celled out after him to bear

Roylston called out after him to keep his eye open for Indians. It was laugh-

BIGNS OF EASTER



Four hours later Mike appeared at the

"What's the matter with gettin' them at the fort. I'd do it myself if I had your

Mike pulled out a bag of "dust" and held t before the other.

Simpson said "All right," and went out. In half an hour he had returned with a package that he transferred to Mike for the dust. Ten minutes later Mike had turned Claybank up the trail toward Wil-

The sun was well down the west when Claybank jogged into Roylston's. Mike shouted, but, hearing no answer, dis-mounted and turned toward the hut. There was blood on the ground and a man's hat lay near a place where mocea-sined feet had trampled the ground. Dash-ing to the door, he found Roylston in his own room, dead, and mutilated.

The savages had refrained from firing the cabin because it was in view from the fort. Smoke would draw a troop down on them. He knew, too, that he must to seventy persons, and, at the rate of nave been noticed and that the trail to two of our domestic heas' eggs to each

Is he asked the question.

How could he warn them and signal the fort for aid? Mike could think faster than he could talk. In five minutes he was the largest bird ever known to exist. had a fire blazing under the hut—a fire It was a first cousin to the ostrich, al-that sent up a black cloud of smoke. He though a much larger bird, towering above knew that he had not done this thing unseen, and must not linger. He threw



LILIES THAT MIKE BAD RISKED HIS LIFE TO GET.

imself on Claybank and lashed the tired himself on Claybank and hance in the free and frightened beast up the trail for twenty rods. He then suddenly dismounted at the creat behind the willows, and, giving the horse a parting thwack, plunged on

the horse a parting thwack, plunged on foot into the undergrowth.

Sounds carry far in that air. Diggs said that he heard shots in the distance, but night closed in and no one came. At 10 o'clock, however, Jimmy, who was watching, heard some one approach, breathing heavily. He cocked his riffe, but the sound brought a quick response:

"Don't shoot; it's me—Mike!"

They unbarred the door with all the speed they could and Mike staggered across the door sill. Quickly he was drawn inside the cabin and the door rebarred.

"Indians?"

He audded, too weak to make an effort to speak at first, then raillying all his strength, he said: "Don't tell Meg," and fainted. After caring for him and putting him in his bunk, Diggs picked up a package which lay where he had fallen and an oath that was not profane burst from his lips.

The wrapper was sprinkled with blood, but inside, pure and white and fragrant, lay a bunch of Easter lilles—lilles that Mike had risked his life to get for the girl

Mike had risked his life to get for the girl who was only an outcast.-New York

Raster Eggs.

But few people have any idea that the originals of the many colored "eggs" which are now being distributed as Easter gifts have probably descended to us from the greatest of the "Chinese Spring Festivals," and can boast of an antiquity of more than 700 years before the Christian era. So there appears to be no new thing under the sun; and although the magic leggs of to-day are merely recentacles for bill

post. The post-trader knew him well.
But he grinned and looked at Mike as schedule of the personal expenses of Edthough he had heard a great joke when the latter stammered his commission.

egg in asilver case; while an extant schedule of the personal expenses of Edthough he had heard a great joke when the latter stammered his commission. the suggestive item: "Four hundred and a half eggs, 1s 6d." The price is as notecorthy as the number.

But the most remarkable feature of the usage is its international character. Thus, in Russia, it is customary to exchange visits and eggs on Easter Day and "to drink a deal of brandy." Again, in Italy. dishes of eggs are sent to the priests to be blessed, after which they are carried home and placed in the center of the table. It is the correct thing for all the guests to eat one of them. The custom also exists in Spain and Germany, and generally among the Jews, Greeks, Persians in some

The Largest Egg in the World.

How would any of your renders, asks writer for young folks in St. Nicholas Magazine, like an egg as big as a watermelon served for breakfast on Easter morning? You might have seen just such In a moment he saw the whole truth, an egg if you had lived in Madagascar

the camp was well guarded. Had they attacked the camp? His heart stood still of taking the contents of 140 of our hens' as he asked the question.

How could be warn them and signal the The bird that laid this enormous egg is

the tallest giraffe.

From the circumstances under which the first egg was found, it was hoped the bird might still be living, but only the incomplete skeleton of it and fragments of other eggs were ever discovered. There is but one complete egg of this giant bird to be seen in the civilized world at pres-ent, and it is cracked in several places. It is in the possession of the French Gov-ernment, and is kept in the Jardin des Plantes in Paris.

Egg Costes.

Egg Costes.

The following quaint little egg-costes, one in egg-shape with a hare painted on it, the other representing a chicken, would have a ready market at Easter sales, and may also be commended to those who find the special demand for fancy work at Christmas and Easter a welcome means of putting additional penales into their purses. Both are made of painted felt—the first consists of two pieces on each side, cut into egg shape and sewed together, with a finish in briar stitch along the edges—the lower part is yellow, pinked the edges—the lower part is yellow, pinked at the bottom, the upper, of white, is more irregularly out to represent a broken eggshell. A chicken part way out of the shell. or any other appropriate device may be substituted for the hare, by way of variety, if a number are to be made. On the top is a bow of narrow ribbon, with one loop left longer. If the maker has not time or skill to paint the cosy, it will be very pretty in yellow and white—the Easter colors, or a chicken or egg could be cut out of yellow felt and button-holed on.

The second, in chicken shape, is a little more difficult. This is cut from two pieces



Easter Day means peace toward heaven and peace toward earth. Great wealth of flowers! Bring more flowers. Wreath them around the brazen throat of the canthe greatest of the "Chinese Spring Festivals," and can boast of an antiquity of more than 700 years before the Christian term. So there appears to be no new thing under the sun; and although the magic eggs of to-day are merely receptacles for a nondescript medley of bon-bons and bijouterie, they are a survival, or one of the quaintest of Old World customs.

This practical method of disposing of Easter eggs auggests that much of the ceremony connected with them is due to the celebration of the Easter Fesst, which succeeds the Lesten Fast. That "an eggs of international good-will. Resurrection succeeds the Lesten Fast. That "an egg of international good-will. Resurrection succeeds the Lesten Fast. That "an egg of international good-will. Resurrection in the brazen throat of the cannon the brazen throat of the cannon, plant them in the desert until it shall blossom like the rose; braid them into the man to the man to the desert until it shall blossom like the rose; braid them into the man to the war charger as he comes hack. No more red dahlias of human blood. Give us white lilies of peace. Strew all the earth with Easter grainnts, but to be walls before consecrated altars, but to be walls before consecrated altars, but to be walls before consecrated altars, but to be watered from full hands on bare streets, before dens of vice, in halls where men devise treason against society, in council implies all kinds of resurrection, a score of resurrections. Resurrection from out of the church, ye lilies, flowers of white peace and fragrant purity, to be water peace and fragrant purity, to be water peace and treasured purity, to be water peace and fragrant purity, to be water p

ingly said, and Dummy waved his hand at Easter" is a very old proverb in this of art. Resurrection of literature. Res country is sufficiently shown by the fact that the Pope sent Henry VIII. an Easter kind and generous and just and holy and egg in asilver case; while an extant schedule of the personal expenses of Edlisease and revenge and death. Let those tarry in the grave forever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."—Talmage.

PRETTY EASTER GIFTS.

Iwo Dainty and Useful Articles Appropriate for the Season. This pretty little basket for keeping soiled eggs hot while breakfast waits for

aggards is either round or oval, made of some pretty fancy straw. If it has a han-ile, so much the better, if not, one could be manufactured of a piece of whalebone and wound around either with ribbon or narrow strips of felt. If the handle ca not be conveniently manufactured, sub-



stitute a rosette of ribbon, which will or nament the felt cover. This may be of two colors, white and yellow, with some little device painted or embroidered, or may be of one piece. The edges should be pinked in a small scallop or finished with buttonhole stitches half an inch long and quarter of an inch sport. Asiatic rope silk or the heavy lines threads used for embroidery are most effective for this for embroidery are most effective for this

Gifts of flowers are so specially appropriate to the Easter section that the accompanying design of a little vase to hold them, made of an eggshell, and thus add-ing the Easter symbol to the fragrant reing the Easter symbol to the fragrant re-membrance, may be welcome to many readers. The top of the eggibell is irreg-ularly broken, three whites beans are gummed upon the other end to serve for feet. The whole is then coated with gilt paint and decorated with a tiny land-scape painted in oil colors. Those who have not skill to do this or who consider to scarcely worth while to put so much it scarcely worth while to put so much labor on so fragile an article will find the effect very presty, if the gold paint is used simply to gild the bean feet. To border the broken top of the shell, and here and there to place a dash on the white surface, thus giving the Easter, colors. Or the word: "Easter" could be written with the gold paint diagonally across the shell. Filled with a bunch of violets, this would be a dainty present for Easter morning.

Easter Lilies. Perhaps we cannot spend Easter Sun-day better than in longing for its power, the power of His resurrection, for which Paul prayed and which he received. What Paul prayed and which he received. What a power Christ's resurrection was in the soul of Paul! It gave him triumph in tribulation. In weakness it made him strong. It made him the noted missionary of the Christian world, eager, enthusiastic, confident, triumphant. Through Christ he could do all things. Where is the power of Christ's resurrection in us? Where is our victory? Where is our victory? Where is our wission? What them around the brazen throat of the canting?

BATTLE WITH A COUGAR

Thrilling Experience of a Great North-ern Engineer.

To battle with a huge mountain lion, seven feet in length and 253 pounds in weight, on a trestle at night, is the thrilling experience that recently befell Edward C. Depew, an engineer on the Great Northern Railroad. The great beast leaped at the engine, and narrowly escaped crashing through the winlow of the cab. Altogether the episode was one of the most exciting that a railroad man has ever experienced. Mr. Depew, in relating his adventure, sald: "After we had left Lowell, Wash, and almost two miles cast of there, about half way across a long trestle, my fireman, George Lawrence, jumped down off his box seat and came quickly to my side of the engine. All he could do was to glare through the window of the cab and point ahead. A cold perspiration broke out on my brow. I looked ahead and saw, through the darkness, some black-looking object on the track. As soon as I saw the obstruction on the track I felt that possible accident was at hand. Nothing could be done. We were too close to the danger. Instinctively I crawled instant after I had discerned the form I saw the monster's eyes finshing through the darkness, green and yellow by turns. Lawrence was still to the cab, speech As the train approached the lion I

could see it prepare to spring, and final-ly when the leap was made the situation was so dramatic as to be almos theatrical in effect. The headlight of the engine threw its rays on the croud ing animal, and when it plunged into flood of light it looked as if its mission of death would surely be successful. The force of the jump was astonishing, and as the body of the beast crashed into the edge of the engine front the sound schoed through the silence again and again. To jump then was certain death, for we were right in the center of the trestle, and yet, as



CAUGHT ON THE TRESTLE. lion made its leap I could almost feel its hot breath on my throat. When the engine crashed into the beast, or it crashed into the engine, whichever way you wish to put it, the lion fell back on to the trestle writhing in frightful agony, and then, for the first time, I realized that the danger was over.

gar, after we had struck it, lodged on the crossies of the trestle. It was found there by the train crew of Engine No. 498, who picked it up and brought it to Skykomish. There it was skinned. The claws were taken by some of the other firemen and englneers, who had watch charms made of them. The beast was still alive when the men discovered it."

Vast Engineering Work in India. The triumphs of modern engineers over natural obstacles know no limit. The latest achievement which has been brought into public notice is the diversion of the river Periyar from its nat-ural outlet in the Indian ocean to the bed of the Valgal, which flows eastward into the Bay of Bengal.

The district round Madura, in the Madras presidency, bad long suffered from want of water for irrigation and it was decided some few years ago to relieve it in the manner described. The work involved the construction of an enormous dam, 178 feet in height, impounding the waters of the Periyar, and forming a lake which, when at its highest level, will have an area of 7,454 acres, or nearly twelve square miles. An open cutting over a mile in length and twenty-one feet wide, followed by a tunnel of about the same length and with a sectional area of ninety square feet, conveys the stream across the watershed to the Valgal. Eighty miles lower down it is distributed by artifi-cial canals in the Madura district.

To provide for floods, which at times are very severe, an overflow "saddle" has been provided in the watershed separating the two districts, so that when the level rises thirty-one feet above the cutting it shall escape by this means. The difficulty of the work may be imagined when it is stated that it was carried on in an uninhabited jungle, twenty miles from the nearest cultivated land and eighty milea-from a railway station, and that, ow-ing to the unhealthiness of the climato-at certain seasons and the prevalence-of floods, the angineers could only werk for three months of the year.

A Nose Party. A nose party is the latest. It came off in Bucksport, Me., the other evening. and is thus described by a participant: Holes were made in a sheet large enough to admit a good-sized nose. Half of the party got behind it, and for a moment or two there was a widely varying assortment of proboscides on exhibition, ranging from the turn-up pug to the needle-pointed creation searcher. The party on the outside selected noses, each choosing the particular nose that suited his ideas, and the owner thereof was his partner for the evening. It was a solemn occa-

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MAIN OFFICE: out of the cab on to the side of the engine. The train dashed on, and an 40th Street and Wentworth Avenue.

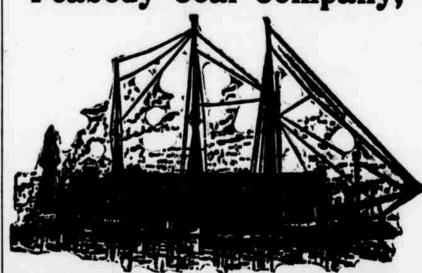
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